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Mr. and Mrs. Everett Nourse
113 Laurel St.
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Monday

Dear Louise and Everett,

I should let you know that a week ago last Thurs. or Fri. Rae received a call that her mother was being taken to the hospital with a heart attack. I told Rae that I would either take her to the airport to take a plane, or if she liked, I would drive her to L.A. As it was raining "cats and dogs", and as Rae would have no one to meet her at the airport in L.A, she accepted my offer to drive to L.A. Her mother is now home, & is still weak. The hospital doctors wanted to put a pace maker in her, but she said she wouldn't have one unless she absolutely couldn't get along without it. She is a very determined person with a mind of her home. Rae's only vehicle is a Ford truck camper & with her back condition, she herself cannot drive it very far (only a few miles) because the clutch especially and also the brake take so much strength, her back just can't stand the pressure. We came in my Dodge.

Everett → You were so kind to contact me and I was a little overcome because

you are to such an artist and I felt incompetent to even play along with you. I do love to hear you play and our whole family has immensely enjoyed your records. Whenever I'm in Napa, I have had no piano to play, and I feel terribly out of practice.

Rae is helping her mother with some business & after that, we will soon be on our way home.

While I was down here, George, Suzanne, with their children Zachary and Amber, came to Disneyland, and I went over to the hotel at which they were staying, and then we all took off for Disneyland. There, George really put us through the paces. He took us on every ride he thought his little children could manage without being too scared. We walked fast between rides & I think we covered several miles altogether. (If you know me, you know my preference is open nature (mountains and seashore) but it was fun and rewarding having this family experience together with my son, daughter-in-law (very dear to me) and my grandchildren who seem to love me dearly.

The first ride Zachary chose was the tram, and I told Suzanne I would just sit down below and wait for them, look after the stroller, etc. She said, "No" — that I was going with them. We went on the train, the people mover, the monorail, the trolley car drawn by a huge Belgian horse, and the pirates of the Carribean. George and Zachary drove the little cars. Oh yes, we rode the river boat. It's hard to remember all we did. Zachary liked everything except the people mover and the pirates of the Carribean which were a little too scary for his 4 yrs of age. Amber liked everything and especially the music which would set her whole body into motion with the rhythm of the beat. By the time we finished about midnight, Zachary, after another tram ride was wiped out, but Amber's bright little eyes were still beaming. Of course, she had had a long nap before going to Disneyland. Amber will be two on Feb. 14th, Valentine's Day.

Yesterday, Rae and I attended a church service that was unique for us.

it was a Nazarene Mexican church. The preacher was Rev. Leo Flores who had accompanied Rae + her mother to Costa Rica a year ago last Sept. as interpreter. He preached in Spanish, and then every few sentences would interpret what he had said in English for our benefit. The people were extremely courteous. The preacher told an usher to bring us song books in English, but really, I would much rather have attempted reading the Spanish. A fourteen old boy played the organ and the piano, doing a superb job. I spoke to him afterwards + he modestly told me he also plays for another church plus giving mini-concerts every Sat. night at Long Beach. He is already quite an artist and should go places.

There's so much to see and do, and three malls near ~~here~~ in Downey. However, the malls are in Cerritos, Lakewood, and one other place. One little town connects right on to the next one, but altogether, it's one big city. It sort of gives me a feeling of accomplishment to find my way around — and also on the freeways. Gas is cheaper down here.

All the time I have been writing, my wristlet has been the leather loop of a leash connected to a Lhasa apso dog, the almost sacred dog of Tibet, and introduced into England and the U. S. in the early 1900's.

One cannot go places for very long even a couple blocks without making friends. Among my new friends is a little old lady called Lorraine who has been on disability retirement until Reagan took it away. She lives in a little trailer, has a very meager income, gives freely to the needy of whatever comes her way and believes this is one way she can serve God. She told me I was always welcome to share her trailer, should I need a place.

Well, Louise, I have tried to make this an interesting and newsy letter for you as you are recuperating. Now, I have a bit of information I think you, Brent, & especially Jeanne would be interested in. The people living behind Rad's mother's place lost their cockatiel on Thanksgiving morning. I was taking the dog for a walk around a huge block here when

all of a sudden, as I rounded a corner, I realized I was hearing the whistle of the male cockatiel. The whistle sounds like what people call a "wolf whistle". So I crossed the street & kept giving the wolf call whistle myself until I finally located the cockatiel, a beautiful albino, sitting up there in the tree happily whistling & eating the fine leaves of the tree. I tied up my dog, ran to the nearest house & asked the man there to let the people (down a few houses from there) know I had found their cockatiel. I stayed at the tree then until the whole family arrived. The father climbed the tree & held out his finger & the cockatiel walked right on to it and then on to his shoulder. The lady hugged me, said it had made their Thanksgiving & offered me a reward which I turned down because I told her it had made my Thanksgiving to make them happy by getting their pet back for them.

Well, love to you both & to Joanne when you see her.

Velma

WOW - what a storm —
Trees down all over the place
in Downey - much
worse in Anaheim